Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Milk Should Be Boiled During Tonsilitis Epidemics

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,
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DR. HIRSHBERG

It is said that some of the soldiers who have been in the trenches since the war began are now undisturbed by even the heaviest bombardment. Because tonsilitis is an occurrence that takes place more than once, it is ordinarily regarded as commonplace, and attracts too little attention. Tonsilitis, itself a disease, is sometimes the cause of a train of disorders which swiftly follow in its path.

The tonsils are situated on the line which separates the mouth from the throat. Their duty is to stop the passage of disease germs through the channel of the mouth and throat. But when this collection of tissues comes into contact too frequently with diseased germs, they themselves become infected, and then the passage gate is thrown open, and germs can walk in and do as much damage as they please, since the policemen stationed at the gate to watch were "knocked on the head."

Tonsilitis is frequently one of the causes of acute joint inflammations with fever. These joint infections may last a very long time. The diseased tonsils no longer fight against the germs which carry the ailment, and the bacterial streptococci find easy access through the throat into the general red stream of the veins.

These germs then not only attack the joints and cause acute fevers, but they make love to the valves—the internal gates of the heart and lungs—win them over, and infect them with a disease which is called valvular heart disease. Pneumonia and pleurisy also frequently trudge along as companions to it. A whole line of mistakes which may end in permanent weakness of the heart or occasionally a death at short notice are sometimes traced back to the seemingly innocent tonsils.

How Sometimes Spread.

Water or milk is sometimes the common carrier of the germs which lead to acute tonsilitis. The udder of the cows often becomes inflamed, and the action of the germs which find their way into the milk is common cause of the ailment.

The men who handle and taste the milk may also be responsible for the spread of this obnoxious disorder of the tonsils.

In the year 1911, for example, 1,405 examples of septic sore throat—a severe tonsilitis, in which the glands, joints, lungs, heart, kidneys and other structures were attacked by the germs which entered the blood stream through the tonsils—were traced by Prof. C. E. A. Winslow of Boston to the entrance of streptococci from the throat into the internal maroon fluid of the human structure. Forty-eight deaths occurred during this epidemic.

The responsible agent for much of this disaster was, it is said, a "carrier," an employee who did not even seem "suspicious."

A safe precaution against tonsilitis, therefore, is to boil the milk. The coagulation which takes place in the process of boiling "cooks" all the germs and destroys most of them, which renders the milk "safe" food.

A grocer once "accidentally" developed an acute infection of tonsilitis, and through its agency also acute inflammation in his knees, ankles and hands. Some acute tonsilitis is catching!

He handled milk, sugar, vegetables, fruits and grocery lines in general. If the milk had not been sealed tight that would have been a fine "carrier."

Doctor's Examination Wise.

While the tonsils are among the chief origins of joint troubles and the long train of ailments that go with them, other disorders in the nose, teeth, throat and mouth in which disease germs may be present are also important sources. Abscessed teeth, for example, inflamed gums and inflammation of the nose or in the cavities of the face and forehead—the canals called sinuses connected with the nasal passages—are very often associated with such ailments.

Adenoid growths also favor an inflammation in the ear and the mastoid. If there is any suspected trouble in the mouth, nose or throat of a child or grown-up, a timely diagnosis by a physician should be made. Moreover, diseased tonsils or adenoids lower the vitality and stunt the development of many a child.

Answers to Health Questions.

S. D. F.—Q.—What is trachoma and can I treat it myself?

A.—Trachoma is a contagious disease of the eyes and eyelids, and it requires special treatment by an oculist. It is impossible for you to treat it yourself.

ROBERT.—Q.—Will you please tell me what to do for constipation?

A.—One of the best ways to do away with constipation is to arrange the diet so that plenty of fruits and vegetables are in it, particularly salads and tomatoes. Oatmeal is a laxative to some persons, but not to everyone. Indeed, there are few things that answer for everyone. Massage of the abdomen in a circular motion five to fifteen minutes three times a day is also very good.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

The Origin of Famous Sayings of All Times

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, 1800-1859.

He was a rake among scholars and a scholar among rakes.—Review of Aiken's Life of Addison.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—Southey's Colloquies.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late:
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
—Lays of Ancient Rome.
Horatius xxvii.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, 1796-1865.

Circumstances alter cases.—The Old Judge.

We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents.—The Clockmaker.

Thomas Haynes Bayly. 1797-1839.

Those that have wealth must be watchful and wary.
Power, alas, naught but misery brings.
—I'd Be a Butterfly.

Friends depart, and memory takes them
To her caverns, pure and deep.
—Teach Me to Forget.

Samuel Lover. 1797-1868.

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.—Rory O'More.

For dhrames always go by contharies, my dear.—Rory O'More.

Thomas Hood. 1798-1845.

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.
—The Lady's Dream.

There's a double beauty whenever a swan
Swims on a lake with her double thereon.
—Her Honeymoon.

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

Solving the Problem of a Between-Season's Hat.

When Julie saw the lovely hats and frocks designed for little Mrs. Lambert she couldn't resist saying:

"Just supposing these clothes belonged to me and I was a popular society girl—if I were invited to a formal luncheon I'd wear that very smart frock of black chiffon and velvet with this hat." And Julie poised on her blonde head a medium large hat of black satin trimmed with black ostrich feathers.

"Now, isn't that becoming? Did you ever see a better looking afternoon hat? The droop of the brim is exactly right, and I love the crushed-in crown and the way the plumes bob about when I move my head. Now I'll try on another."

"Not so fast," said Madame, who suddenly appeared with a hat in either hand. "I, too, want to pass judgment on Mrs. Lambert's hats. Yes, that model is stunning on you, Julie. Now, take it off and let me put this one on you." And the picture hat was exchanged for a beret of crow-blue corded satin.

The crown was formed of a series of circular sections joined with satin cordings. The narrow brim was braided with soutache in a simple design.

"There is nothing to rival a fabric hat for between seasons. It is appropriate for early spring or fall and looks equally well with the tailored suit or the more dressy afternoon gown.

"Mrs. Lambert has adopted the fashion of wearing small hats with her evening gowns. Marcelle and I have designed these for her. Please see how this bonnet looks on you, Julie."

The bonnet was a modern adaptation of the "Charlotte Corday." The brim was formed of five or six pleated frills of palest pink tulle with a tiny, silver thread about the edges. The full crown of silver lace was wreathed with tiny French posies in mauve, pale blue, silver and pink. Streamers of narrow silver ribbon hung from beneath the brim on one side and a silver chin-strap completed the picturesque effect of the evening hat.

"There's no fault to be found with that bonnet. It looks exactly like Mrs. Lambert. We'll pass on to the last of the quartet," said Madame, handing a small mushroom of black tulle to Julie.

This has was made over a wired brim, several layers of the tulle being stretched smoothly on the foundation. The upper brim was completely covered with circular ruffles, not more than an inch in width, with picot edges. The tulle crown was unlined, so that the reddish golden hair of Mrs. Lambert could be plainly seen through it. A ruching of black ostrich trimmed the base of the crown.

Madame liked this the better of the two; she looked very much pleased as she remarked:

"That, too, is a smart hat, one of the loveliest of its type Marcelle has made this season. Julie, have the hats boxed and sent to Mrs. Lambert this afternoon, while Claire trots along with me up to the workroom—there's an evening gown to be tried on so that Miss Westley can drape the skirt."

I followed close at Madame's heels wondering what it would really be like to buy four new hats at once.

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AFTER THE WAR

By Will Nies

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EVEN as she writes, the words dissolve into the vision that to her and to him is the ONLY reality; all else is—a dream. The present fades—the future leaps to life—and she hears the organ sounding the majestic music that summons him to her side to begin the March of Life, Love accompanying them with flowers.

Suppose the Good Fairy should give her one wish—what would it be? That the war were over now—but she wouldn't have HIM different than he is!

For HE is her True Love—and love must first be true to duty and to life before it can be true to HER.

Adele Garrison's New REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What the "Peddler" Did When Madge Gave Him the Opportunity To Be Alone.

A feeling of dumb terror clutched me as I caught sight of the incongruous glove upon the hand of the unkempt, disreputable peddler who stood in my kitchen door holding out his wares for my inspection. There was no reason that could be explained for my fear. But at the sight of the glove a suspicion so wild, so fantastic that my reason rejected it scornfully, seized upon me.

Instinct, my sub-conscious self—call it what you will—told me that I was in danger, warned me to flee. Reason, common-sense, sanity laughed at my silly fear of a professional mendicant who had clumsily disguised himself with a grey wig and cosmetics to make him appear old and suffering. Besides, in his basket the pencil cases which had caught my eye lay still unpurchased. My need of one of them in which to hide the precious paper committed to my care by my father was urgent. I steeled myself to an affectation of carelessness.

"Ten cents is too much for the thimbles," I said. "How much are the pencils.

"Pencils, two for-a-five. Thimbles verra nice, not a too mooch ten cents."

"I don't want the thimbles," I said decidedly. "I will take six of the pencils, and how much are these little pencil cases?"

"Twenty-five-a cents."

The price was exorbitant, but I didn't care to argue the matter with him.

"I'll take three pencil cases," I said. "They're just what I want to give some children I know. Wait here until I get the money."

"All-a right-a." Again the haunting familiar accent. I turned away with my wild, fantastic suspicion growing upon me, justifying to myself the thing I was about to do.

For both the remark about the children and the request for the man to wait for the money were ruses. I instinctively wished to give him some plausible excuse for my purchase of the three pencil cases so he would have no ground for speculation as to my need of them. And I wished to keep him standing at my door until I had a chance to try a certain experiment I had in mind.

Beckoning Katie into the dining-room, I whispered to her to slip out the back way and to summon William Trumbull, who had already taken up his domicile in the barn.

"Tell him to come to the kitchen door with a load of kindling wood in his arms," I said, "and just as he reaches the man he is to stumble against him. Remember, I particularly want him to manage to knock against that gloved hand of this peddler."

Madge Hides Herself.

Katie is nothing if not quick-witted. "(You tink he vun bad man?" she queried, and then hurriedly at my involuntary frown of disapproval, "All right. I bring beem here in vun jiffy. But," she hesitated, "I do not like to leave you in house alone."

"Nonsense!" I returned, for the feeling of terror which the sight of the man's gloved hand had brought me had fled ashamed, as I realized that there might be work for me to do in discovering the truth about him. "Besides, you won't be gone a minute."

"I'll joost fly," she whispered back, and a moment later she crossed the kitchen floor sedately and disappeared into the small laundry leading from it, from which a door led into the "back yard."

Between the dining-room and the kitchen of the house we have recently purchased there is an old-fashioned "butler's pantry" with swinging doors. Leading from it is a small breakfast room, also with a swinging door. Behind this last door I waited quietly during Katie's absence in order to test a theory I had concerning this strangely acting peddler.

A Noiseless Entrance.

I hadn't long to wait. I heard no sound of footsteps, but soon the swinging door from the kitchen into the pantry was pushed cautiously open, and the man who had posed as a peddler stood in the pantry an instant and cast a swift, searching glance around it. I held my breath that he might not hear the sound of it on the other side of the breakfast room door, a door which was fortunately so shrouded in shadows as to be practically invisible to his eyes even though there was a crevice in it large enough for me to see the interior of the pantry.

It was the window that he wished to inspect, however, the high window above the sink. Walking on the balls of his feet like a cat he took the few stealthy, quick steps necessary to bring him directly beneath it, then with a clever, acrobatic spring, betraying the strong youth of him, he was standing upon the sink, fumbling with the catch, and peering through the window.

A moment later, apparently satisfied, he sprang lightly to the ground again, thrust open the dining-room door, and I knew, though his back was turned to me, that he was giving the room a minute inspection.

"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Serving the Five Fundamentals.

For the proper nourishment of your family the mere cutting out and the cutting down of the use of certain foods is not the entire story of conservation. Food conservation is the elimination of all waste in buying, preparing and serving foods, and the substitution of foods—the beef, the wheat, etc—necessary for our soldiers and sailors of those equally nourishing foods that cannot be so easily transported. To perform this national duty well and to carry out the privilege of its widest end you should keep in mind the following daily food needs of your family.

Each day each person should have some cereal food—the breads and breakfast foods of various kinds, in place of these on some days beans, peas or nuts may replace a part of the cereal.

Each person should also have some milk, cheese, eggs or meat. If you serve meat you should also serve milk or increase the usual amount of fresh vegetables.

Fruits or vegetables should be found in the menu each day. Sometimes they may seem rather expensive, but they are absolutely necessary for good health.

There must also be some fat in the diet each day. Preference should be given to butter fat if little milk is served

Fifth, but of least importance, is some sweet food. While not absolutely necessary, sweet foods add to the palatability of a diet, and in the case of children are especially advisable to reduce to a minimum the amount of candy the child craves and which it may be tempted to buy or to accept from a playmate.

With these five food fundamentals well in mind and supplied each day to each member of the family—the quantity, of course, varying according to age and the work done—the health of the family will be maintained at normal, and a surprising saving in war food will be easily made in every kitchen.

It is well to remember also that each child should have at least one pint of fresh milk each day, and whenever possible a full quart of milk. Milk is a cheaper food than meat, and may be eaten by the older members of the family with advantage in place of meat on meatless days.

Peanut-Rye Cookies.

Here is a recipe that will make it possible for you to add the sweet food for some days at little cost and with the saving of white flour:

To six teaspoonfuls of fat add a quarter of a cupful of peanut butter, one cupful of molasses, a quarter of a cupful of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of baking powder and three and a half cupfuls of rye flour. Combine the ingredients thoroughly, roll out thin and shape with a small cooky cutter. Bake the cookies in a moderate oven.

Serving a Meatless Dinner.

On some day when you wish to save meat try the following menu for dinner:

As the main dish serve peanut loaf with brown sauce or tomato sauce, Brussels sprouts or cabbage, rye bread and butter, and stewed peaches and gingerbread. These last two—the peaches and gingerbread—are not necessary to a well-rounded meal, but are added for variety.

To make the peanut loaf:

To two cupfuls of milk add three cupfuls of breadcrumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, pepper to taste and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of poultry seasoning, and one tablespoonful of onion juice and pulp. Beat two eggs, and add them to the mixture. Last of all add four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one and a half cupfuls of finely chopped peanuts. Pour into a greased, lined baking tin, and bake in a moderate over for 40 minutes. Serve with a brown sauce or tomato sauce as a final touch.

Incidents in the Lives of World-Famous Women

By ELOISE FARRINGTON

How a Countess of Ancient England Became Queen After a Very Strange Wooing.

Saxon England boasted of many fair maidens, but the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, is said to have been greater than that of any other woman of her time.

Having been educated in a convent near her father's estate, the "Beauty of Devonshire" had never been seen in London, but tales of her charm and loveliness reached the court and the ears of the youthful King, Edgar, who was longing to find a maiden worthy of being his queen. Knowing that rumor is not always to be trusted, Edgar determined to make sure that Elfrida was the fairest flower of his realm before offering to share his crown with her.

But Deconshire was miles away and the roads rough and travel wearisome and disagreeable for a king, so Edgar summoned his favorite, the Earl of Athelwold, and bade him pay a visit to Olgar of Devon to make the acquaintance of his much-lauded daughter and to judge whether or not her beauty had been exaggerated.

So Athelwold went to the castle of Earl Olgar, met the fair lady, and proved a traitor to his king. The marvelous beauty of Elfrida awakened such great love within his heart that he forgot everything but his desire to win the peerless beauty for his own wife.

Olgar had given his brother earl a warm welcome, and Elfrida, finding Athelwold young, handsome, rich and in high favor at court, smiled upon his wooing. He spoke not a word of the king, and at the end of a few weeks returned to London, bearing an unfavorable report of Elfrida's beauty.

"The woman may have beauty enough for a countess, but hardly enough for a queen," he said to Edgar.

"Then you should have wooed her for yourself; such a faintly-praised charmer is not to my liking. I leave her for a lower-born lover," answered the king, laughingly.

Athelwold returned with haste to Devonshire and was speedily wedded to the beautiful Elfrida.

But instead of taking his countess to court, much to the astonishment of the king, and Elfrida as well, he continued to keep her in the country.

There were many in London who had seen Elfrida, and they soon informed the king of Athelwold's faithlessness. The king was furious, but concealed his anger. One day he said to Athelwold:

"Since you have declined my many invitations to have your countess come to court, I have decided to pay a visit to your castle. I like you too well not to know and to like your wife."

Athelwold was terrified at the thought of the king meeting Elfrida. He hurried away to his castle, determined to confess all to his wife, feeling sure that her love for him would win her forgiveness and enlist her aid to deceive the king again.

Athelwold found Elfrida in her tiring room choosing the jewels she would wear that day.

The wretched man told her the story of his wooing, how he had won her from the king by practicing deceit of the grossest measure, how his love for her had made him forget honor, truth faith—everything.

"This is a grave offence thou hast committed against thy king, my lord," gravely answered Elfrida. "But it shall be as thou wishest."

Edgar arrived just at sunset, and seemed pleased at the cordialky of Athelwold's welcome. When he had rested and had refreshed himself after his long journey he said to his host:

"Now bid thy lady join us. We would behold her charming face."

Turning to a servant Athelwold said: "Tell thy mistress to come to the castle hall. The king awaits her."

Both the king and Achelwold awaited the coming of Elfrida with curious expectation. One, to prove for himself the various reports concerning the Rose of Devonshire. The other to see how unattractive she had made herself to save his honor.

The great curtain at the end of the hall was drawn aside and the countess entered. A light of admiration glowed in the eyes of the king, while a deathly pallor overspread the face of Athelwold. A woman of regal beauty, adorned by rich garments and gleaming jewels, her face glorified by an enchanting smile, moved toward the king and his thane, instead of the homely, awkward housewife Athelwold had hoped to see.

As he had deceived the king, so she had deceived her trusting husband. The story of his treachery had frozen in her heart all the love she had for him.

For an hour or so she lingered at the side of her guest, then retired to her apartment.

The king watched Elfrida depart. She was all and more than he had been told, and a fierce desire for revenge against his faithless friend burned in his soul.

Not long afterward Athelwold was put to death at the king's command. Several months later the marriage of Edgar and Elfrida was celebrated.

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Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruette.

HOW DICKY RESCUED THE DUST PRINCESS.

Dicky put his ear to the keyhole in the attic door. He could hear tiny feet hurrying to and fro—someone was laughing and someone was crying.

Dicky turned the knob, but the door was locked. Grandma always kept the door locked, because she said there was nothing in there to interest little boys. But Dicky felt sure something strange was going on at the other side, and he longed to get in there. Quickly gathering all the keys in the house he tried them one by one until at last one fitted and the great door swung back on its hinges and Dicky stepped inside.

The place was so dark Dicky couldn't see, so he ran to the window and pushed up the blind—then things began to happen.

The door blew shut with a bang. From every corner and crevice queer little men hopped out in front of Dicky. They danced around him in a circle singing at the top of their voices in squeaky tones:

Oh, it's Dust Elfin boys are we,
Who live in the attic so free!
Who dares to come and spoil our fun,
Shall never again see the sun!

They danced nearer and nearer Dicky, winding sticken cords of spider webs around him until Dicky was bound hand and foot and couldn't move.

"What have I ever done to you that you should mistreat me this way?" cried Dicky, tears coming to his eyes.

"That's just it!" exclaimed a tiny elfin, standing on his tiptoes so Dicky could hear him. "You haven't done anything, but no telling what you might do if we didn't rope you first. Since our Dust Princess was stolen and hidden in that old green trunk by an old gray-haired lady we're taking no chances."

"Your Dust Princess!" exclaimed Dicky, and he heard a deep sigh come from the trunk. Then a sad little voice began to sing:

A poor little Princess am I,
Who must sit in this trunk till I die.
Unless someone in passing by,
Lifts up the lid, then out I'll fly.

"Take off these ropes!" cried Dicky, "and I'll let your Princess out."

At first the Dust Elfins didn't want to run the risk of letting Dicky free. But after much coaxing on Dicky's part and much crying from the trunk they finally agreed and Dicky was freed.

He sprang up and hurriedly lifted the lid of the old green trunk. A cloud of dust flew up into Dicky's face, and on it sat a dear little Dust Princess.

She kissed Dicky's cheek and thanked him for saving her life, and begged Dicky to come live in the attic and be their prince.

"Dicky!" called his grandma from the foot of the stairs.

Dicky opened his eyes and ran downstairs.

"Grandma, did you put the Dust Princess in the old green trunk in the attic and lock her up?" he asked.

"Why, no, dear!" laughed grandma. "I've never seen a Dust Princess in all my life."

"Well you surely did by mistake," replied Dicky, "for I just let her out of the trunk."

"Why, dear, you must have been dreaming! That attic door hasn't been unlocked for weeks," laughed grandma.

Dicky ran upstairs and tried the attic door, and—would you believe it—found it locked?

"Guess I must have been asleep!" laughed Dicky. "But I wish I could rescue a princess of some kind. I wonder if Dust Elfin boys really do live in people's attics."

TOMORROW'S HOROSCOPE

(By Genevieve Kemble)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

The month opens under the most brilliant auspices with trines and sextiles dominant. The luminaries in trine aspect make it a time for seeking promotion, preferment, honors and increases, for dealing with superiors and those in authority. The lunar sextile to Saturn urges to intensive effort in business, making the organising faculties keen and the judgment sound and dependable. Popularity and new friends are in order, especially among the elderly and those in high places, and all Saturn occupations thrive. Under Neptune inspiration, genius, artistic faculties, mystical instincts and subtile alliances and secret orders flourish. It is a day for pushing affairs vigorously in all lines.

Those whose birthday it is should have a prosperous year, especially in employment. A child born on this day should have some singular gifts, and will be fortunate and a favorite.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home.

HORLICK'S
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HOW MUCH DOES YOUR FOOD COST?

Food values are measured in units of calories.

To-day, when food costs are soaring, the careful housekeeper will find out how much per 1,000 calories her food costs.

If she buys:

Butter at 50c. per lb.,	1,000	calories	will	cost	13	cents
Bacon at 55c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	19	"
Milk at 13c. per qt.,	"	"	"	"	18.5	"
Roast Beef at 26c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	23.4	"
Lamb Chops at 38c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	32.7	"
Chicken at 32c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	41.3	"
Eggs at 45c. per doz.,	"	"	"	"	44.7	"
Beefsteak at 34c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	45.6	"
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes (ready to serve)	"	"	"	"	11.7	"

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